The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 12.

CONTENTS.

Editorials, - - *Emily I. Meader*, '91, 157

What Happened at the Gin-House, - - - - - *Caroline N. Newman*, '93, 158

Sweethearts Father, - - *Effie Banta*, '91, 159

Innocents, - - - - - - *L.* '92, 161

News of the Week, - *Blanche B. Baker*, '92, 161

College Notes, - - - - - - - *Cornelia Green*, '92, *and Bertha Brush*, '93, 164

Auld Acquaintance, *Charlotte F. Roberts*, '80, 165

Inter-Collegiate News, - - - - - 166

Our Exchanges, - - *Caroline Frear*, 166

Waban Ripples, *Sarah S. Hickenlooper*, '94. 167

DECEMBER 6, 1890.

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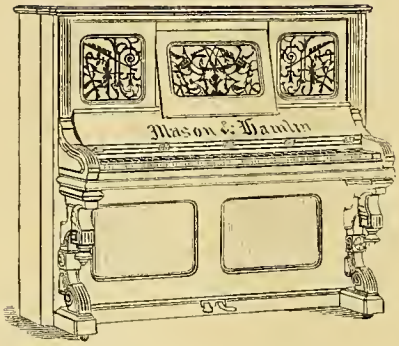

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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The Wellesley Prelude.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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POLITICS has of late become a more general subject of thought and topic of conversation among us than in the past. At table the McKinley bill rivals the latest College event for popular discussion. The large size and pervading enthusiasm of the class in Political Economy are largely instrumental in feeding the interest in political subjects. More students read the magazines and papers, and the tendency to regard politics with more interest seems to be increasing. During the last campaign, when the vote of the College was taken, the enthusiasm and excitement was intense for that one day, but they died down as quickly as they sprang into being. The influence of the presidential campaign was felt but little. The fact of the growing importance of politics in the College world is illustrated by the mass-meeting held on Nov. 1 by Columbia students, in the interests of the People's Municipal League, with the principal object of gaining volunteers for the polls on election day. Such a desirable bent should be fostered with particular care. Any tendency toward lessening the separation which naturally exists between the student world and the real world outside, for which the former is only a preparation, should be hailed with gratitude and aided vigorously. Interest in politics, among us, is undoubtedly forwarded by the Political Economy discussions, by some of the much-talked-of Junior debates, and by conversations suggested by some notice on the bulletin board. But that it may reach the importance in thought and talk which it deserves, the step in the right direction which is already taken must be followed up by many more.

Enthusiasm and organization are capable of working wonders anywhere, but they have an especially fertile field among College students, each of whom is able to act as a delegate to spread the good work. The power which rests in the hands of College students is well shown in the rapid development of the Student Volunteer Movement. This movement originated four years ago at a Bible Conference of College students called together by Mr. Moody; or more particularly in a missionary prayer-meeting held by twenty-one of the delegates to the convention. The twenty-one who then became volunteers for Foreign Missions have now multiplied into more than five thousand, over one hundred of whom have already sailed for the foreign field. This large number of thoughtful, earnest students scattered through all the American Colleges, working now with their life-purpose in view, must constitute a power for the Church which has never before been equalled. The number of ordained missionaries now in the foreign field, is only about six thousand,—and that is after over one hundred years of Protestant missionary effort. This movement, outside the organized Church work, and of so extended an influence, marks a significant and encouraging chapter in the annals of the Christian Church.

when the deer come to drink and lure them to to their death, I have not here to tell. Enough that the hunt this night was unusually successful, and that the party were returning in high good humor. They had some distance to go, as I said, and the air was quite frosty in the early morning, so the black bottle passed freely from hand to hand, and the hilarity increased.

"Hist," said McGee, suddenly, "there's a famous place along here for deer, or used to be; but my head is uncommon fuddled."

"'Tis further back, I am thinking," responded his companion, "yet I saw something stir in the bushes yonder—seems like a doe." And indeed the bushes were stirring tremulously as if some startled creature were about to take flight.

"'Tis a doe," cried McGee in an excited whisper, "I see the red hide of her,—hist."

He raised his gun quickly and somewhat unsteadily, and fired. Something fell in the thicket. McGee rushed forward, hunting-knife in hand, to despatch the animal, if necessary. The others followed more slowly till a strange sound urged them forward. McGee stood there fixed, motionless, and at his feet stood a pathetic little heap, with tawny hair all wet, and a dun-brown gown with a stain on it,—his little dead Sweetheart.

The thing was too terrible for questions. They never rightly knew how the child had stolen away in the morning sunshine, nor how, gypsy as she was, she could have gone so far, for the Flynn cabin was still some distance down the path. The stupid woman had not missed her, and it was only possible to surmise.

They buried her where she had fallen,away from curious eyes and idle tongues. The little grave lies there still, close to the mountain-side, half hidden under ferns and tangled greenery; the clinging tendrils of the red-berried partridge vine spread across the rude, flat stone that marks the place, and almost hide the single word it bears, a pitiful little word in scrawling letters, hardly legible now, "SWETHART."— Only the blue sky looks down upon her, tenderly; or in the golden twilight a hermit-thrush comes from his deep-wood solitudes to light on the swaying branches of the young birches that bend above her, and sing his evening song—a song so sweet it might foretell the joy of heaven,—so sad, it might reflect the pain of earth—Alas, for Sweetheart's father, to whom earth could ever after mean but one long pain!—

One wonders sometimes at the agonies men go through with, still living. But human hearts are made to stand strains, and seldom do the bonds that hold a soul to life yield from stress of grief alone. After the bitterest shock is past, it is as if the man must, perforce, pick up the bits of his broken life, fit them together as best he may, and, though a keen observer may note the cracks, go on outwardly much the same. So it was with Michael McGee. He did not die; did not go mad; did not even seek to drown in drink his haunting memories. He did not go away to find occupation elsewhere,—it is not the instinct of the mountaineer to leave his mountains,—he only lived on in the little cabin, alone now, seeking longer expeditions in summer, working at the logging-camp in winter, somewhat graver, more taciturn, yet making still his dry joke at times, never speaking of the little grave under the birch trees,—in short living quite the old life, however duly conscious that never again could it be the old life. If the neighbors noticed he seemed growing old, it was only gradually, and his cronies were suddenly surprised to find his hair was white.

So the years went on. They put up a large hotel in the nearer village, and a fine new railroad ran up to the lake. One had to go further away to find deer: summer boarders came and increased; idlers took to hanging around the railway station.

Marjorie Denning's nurse from the hotel used to like to bring the little thing with her to the station for a walk. The view was fine from there, she said. There was besides a handsome young man in the baggage office. And so interesting did the conversation become one day, that Marjorie grew tired, thought she would walk down the track a way, and see if Papa's train was coming.—Papa was to bring her new dollie.—So it happened that when the careless girl looked up, as the whistle of the express sounded around the curve, she saw a golden head gleaming from some distance down the road, and a startled little figure trying to cross the track, and—oh heavens!—tripping and falling. She started to run, but I fear it would have been in vain, if some one had not seen it sooner, some

one who broke from the idlers on the platform, a white-haired man, running with long strides down the track to meet the monster as it swept around the curve.

Quicker almost than I have taken to tell it, the strong arm had seized the child and thrust her aside from her perilous position : quicker than I have taken to tell it, the senseless steel had hurled the rescuer across the track, into the gully on the further side. Tender hands took him up and laid him down—to die. He was terribly hurt, but his face wore the look of one who after long weariness has rest. Marjorie's mother, with her darling still pressed close in her straining arms, stood near him. His dim eyes caught the gleam of the golden hair and lighted suddenly, and the woman bending closer, with eyes that somehow could not see his face, caught his last words, not altogether meant for her, "For Sweetheart's Sake."

Effie Banta, '91.

THE JAPANESE BAZAAR.

Christmas is drawing near, and as it approaches, we remember our numerous relatives and friends and wonder what pretty new things we can find this year, that will express our love to them. Few of us find time to make the gifts we would like to, and very soon the Boston stores will be so crowded that it will be unpleasant work to buy there.

Let us then welcome with delight the Japanese bazaar which is to be held in the second floor centre, Main Building, on Monday, December eighth.

The goods were bought in Japan and sent here by Miss Judson, a former Wellesley student, who is now a missionary teacher there. She hopes with the proceeds to start a fund which shall be used in rescuing the little orphan children and waifs, from their pitiable condition.

Many of the articles are of Japanese silk and painted in dainty water-colors. Portiéres, parasols, vases, sashes, shawls and scarfs are among the articles to be sold.

You who have little brothers and sisters should be sure to be early enough to get one of the picture-books, which are translations of Japanese fairy stories and are illustrated in Japanese fashion.

You will find quaint, dainty and elegant goods at reasonable prices. Be sure to be there with your friends, between the hours of five and eight.

INNOCENTS.

Little flower so rarely blue
Growing close to Mother Earth,
Sunshine and soft April showers,
Are the heralds of thy birth.

Friendly neighbor of the grasses,
Smiling upward at the sun,
Shutting up your dainty petals
When his last dim ray is gone.

Faintest blue's your favorite color,
Some we find are dressed in white,
Just a few are coyly blushing
Palest pink, so softly bright.

Many call you Quaker Ladies,
Others style you Bluets fair,
Dearest to my heart this name is,
Modest Innocents so rare.

L., '92.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Nov. 30, Rev. G. H. Butters of Newtonville, preached from the text 2 Tim. 2 : 9; "But the word of God is not bound."

* * *

On Saturday, Nov. 29, Prof. Cohn gave his sixth lecture in the course on "Romance Mediæval Literature." The subject was "Mediæval Italian Literature." Italian literature during the Middle Ages differs considerably from the literature of other European countries. France, Germany and Spain all have a great collection of anonymous writings, exponents of a whole nationality during that age such as the "Niebelungen Lied," the "Cid," and the "Chanson de Geste," this literature is spontaneous, national, *unindividual*. Nothing in Italy resembles this Mediæval literature. This class of productions is the outgrowth of the childlike in civilization. In Gaul, the childlike was due to the Germanic invasions which destroyed every vestige of Roman civilization. Although Italy was terribly disturbed by the political upheaval during the third, fourth and fifth centuries, the Roman Empire still continued in existence. The history of the Middle Ages is not essentially different from that of the classic age. Schools still exist; Livy, Cicero and Virgil are still read, Latin continues to be the language of the Empire, the two persons most reverenced by the Romans, were the Emperor at Constantinople and the Pope at Rome. There was no childlike condition in Italian civilization, no mixing of new and antagonistic elements from which a national, popular literature could result. No work was written in Italian before the 13th centnry. Before this all literature was written in Latin,—not in bad Latin,

for a few educated readers, as in France, England and Germany, but in respectable Latin for an extensive circle of readers. Italy was slow to recognize that new forms of speech were being created on her own soil; when an Italian wished to write lyrics he wrote in the Provencal; the narrators of feudal struggles wrote in Italianized French, that is, French words, with Italian endings. These centred about Charlemagne, the ideal king, and were called the "Royals of France." There were and are still in Italy many dialects, all belonging to the Romance family. Of these the dialect of Tuscany became the language of Italy, not because of its superiority or because it gave to Italy its greatest poem, the "Divina Commedia," but because this dialect, spoken especially at Florence, was nearest the traditional Latin. Before the Tuscan period, there were poets who translated the Chanson de Geste, and two schools of lyrical poets, one, very subjective, which was almost stifled by the other. This was led by Emperor Frederick II. and strove to imitate the already-dying poetry of the Provencal, the songs of the Troubadours. Much of the lyrical subjective poetry is very good without being very great. Italian poetry cannot compare with the Provencal for music, but it has greater strength of passion. Even the earliest has a modern ring, and is clearly free from the Mediæval spirit. It is the poet speaking his own feelings through the medium of a new language. In illustration of the beauty of the early lyrics, Prof. Cohn read Rossetti's translation of "Ciullo D'Alcamo," a dialogue between a lover and his lady. Italian poetry needed a great man, and found him in Dante, who produced the first great works in Italian literature. A whole circle of poets centre about Dante of whom the most important are Petrarca and Boccacio, Petrarca was a prolific writer of Latin, but he lives for his love poems written in Italy. Boccacio was an enthusiastic Italian scholar, the first to give lectures on Dante. His poetry is involved; his prose consists of romances in imitation of French, from which Shakespeare drew material for his Troilus and Cressida. His master-work is a collection of short narratives. From him Itaty received first-settled prose form. The works of Petrarca and Boccacio are models of beauty and thought, but are not models of style. They lived just before the dawn of the Renaissance, and closed the period of Mediæval Italian literature.

* * *

THANKSGIVING brought good cheer to those who remained at Wellesley as well as to the many who went away for the holiday. The recess was all too short for the enjoyment of books and friends and royal feasts, and the infrequent day when carking care was thrown to the winds too soon came to its close. Wednesday evening was a season of many candy-pulls, both in College Hall and at the cottages. Simpson and the Eliot dined at Freeman, whose hospitable board was crowded. At Wood, according to the custom established last year, the tables were set in a hollow square about the large fire-place. Norumbega entertained two guests from Phillips Academy, and after dinner the Andover cheer as well as the Wellesley cry made the halls ring with the merry sound. The family at Waban celebrated in rather a novel way, rejoicing in a Bohemian life, in the absence of their cook, instead of participating in the usual turkey and plum pudding festivities. Thursday evening a party of fifteen from College Hall and the cottages went to the Dedham Female Asylum and gave an entertainment, consisting of music and readings, to the women there. Fraulein Müller, Fraulein Meyer and Miss Chase sang, and Miss Florence Myrick accompanied them with her guitar. Miss Florence Wilkinson and Miss Genevieve Stuart each gave recitations, and Miss Pullen sang plantation songs. The women seemed very much pleased with the entertainment and were especially delighted with anything funny and with the simpler selections. The party carried flowers to them, and each woman was given a bunch of chrysanthemums, roses, and heliotrope. After refreshments were served, the party returned to Wellesley, feeling that they had enjoyed the evening quite as much as their listeners.

* * *

ON Monday, Dec. 1, the class in Domestic Economy went on another interesting expedition to Boston. The object of the trip was to examine the drainage and plumbing of two houses. since those subjects have been under consideration in the class for some time past. One of the houses inspected was a new block on the Back Bay Road. This house has just been built, and is therefore very desirably equipped with all the modern improvements. One of the most interesting features is that the part of the house in which the work is done, the kitchen and laundry, is in the top story. Great care has been taken in regard to all the sanitary arrangements, which are unusually fine. The other house was an older one, built about twenty-five years ago, on Beacon St. Here the opportunity was given to observe how readily the modern sanitary improvements may be adapted to comparatively old-fashioned conditions. When the examination was concluded the class felt that such practical observation was a valuable addition to the work with diagrams and book discussions, since the reality must always be more satisfactory and convincing than any representation of it.

* * *

ON Saturday evening, November twenty-ninth, General Armstrong, on his way to Boston, spent an hour at Wellesley. He brought with him his negro quartette, and two Sioux Indians, all of whom were either students or graduates from the Hampton Institute.

Two of the quartette, Captain Moulton and Mr. Daggs, spoke, and the two Indians, also. Each was a representative, and a worthy one, of the great work which is being done at Hampton. Captain Moulton spoke forcibly and emphatically in behalf of the negroes, and of what the negroes claimed. Mr. Daggs has been for ten years teaching among his people, and he has a wide experience, and thorough knowledge of their progress. This progress he showed to be wonderful,—far beyond what was hoped for; but he showed, too, the great need for yet more help and yet broader influence. The Indians told the story of their lives simply and in few words, their strong Indian accent making the stories seem still more real. The singing of the quartette was good,—negro melodies, of course. They sang with such feeling and expression that songs which every one had heard many times, seemed to have a new meaning. "John Brown's Body," sung by that negro quartette, had a dignity and sadness which it had never had before; and the words,

> "Before I'd be a slave
> I'd be buried in my grave,
> And go home to my God, and be free,"

were sung as if every word was meant. General Armstrong himself spoke a few words in closing. They were earnest and impressive words; there were none who listened to him who did not feel thoroughly convinced of what he said. The truest and best way in which help can be given is in helping men to help themselves; this is the help which Hampton gives. There is not a dollar's worth of charity in it; everything is earned by labor, so that excellent manual training in many departments is given in this way. For those who work all day there is a night school; and it is surely a good lesson to all discontented students, that this band, who work on and on and on with never a vacation or a rest, are as happy and cheerful and devoted to their work as any band of students anywhere. Seven hundred graduates carry on the work outside. There are twenty-five institutions, of which Hampton is the head which are making teachers to make their people. Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, is the oldest child of Hampton. General Armstrong paid a high tribute to the ability and worth of Mr. Washington, principal of Tuskegee, who is already known to Wellesley. When one realizes that three hundred and fifty applicants were refused admittance to Hampton only this year, one can realize what an open field for work this is, and what an inspiring one.

* * *

THOSE who had the pleasure of hearing the concert given in the Chapel two years ago by the Old South Church Choir of Boston looked forward with much pleasure to their reappearence on Monday evening, December first. The programme promised an exceptionally fine concert. It was, however, a little disappointing. The voices did not seem to blend as harmoniously as before, and many times there was a noticeable falling from the key. The music was all sacred, the first half of the programme being given to anthems and hymns, while the last was composed entirely of selections from oratorios. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Organ.—Sonata in C Minor. Mendelssohn.
Anthem.—"I am Alpha and Omega." Stainer.
Hymn.—"The Lord my pasture shall prepare." Batiste.
Anthem.—"Who is like unto Thee?" Sullivan.
Hymn.—"O for a closer walk with God." Foster.
Sanctus.—St. Cecilia Mass. Gounod.

PART II.

Oratorio Selections.—From Costa's "Eli."
Solo and Quartette.—"Let the People praise Thee.
Trio.—"Thou shall love the Lord."
From Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
Tenor Aria.—"If with all your hearts."
Bass Aria.—"Lord God of Abraham."
Contralto Aria.—"O rest in the Lord."
From Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."
Soprano Aria.—"Jerusalem—thou that killest the prophets."
Quartette.—"How lovely are the Messengers."

Mr. Carr opened the concert with Mendelssohn's C minor sonata, the one organ selection of the evening. Mr. Carr has a very pleasing and quiet style, both as a soloist and an accompanist, and a second organ solo would have been gratefully received. The hymn "The lord my pastures shall prepare," was perhaps the most enjoyable number of the first half of the programme. The first part of this number was low and soft, the organ carrying the air, and the voices singing a sort of accompaniment, but the last part was loud and full and like an ordinary hymn. Sanctus from St. Cecilia's mass was sung as a tenor solo followed by a quartette and closing with the first grand theme sung in unison with a full organ accompaniment. This familiar number would have been one of the grandest of the evening, had Mr. Want not flatted from the key. Of the three solos from Elijah, Mr. Babcock's was the best rendered. The Aria "Lord God of Abraham," is probably the grandest Bass Aria in the oratorio of Elijah and New England's favorite bass quite did it justice with his glorious voice. Mr, Babcock ranks among the first of oratorio singers in the country. The concert itself—being wholly of Sacred Music made a pleasant change from the usual miscellaneous programmes, and the absence of applause made the music even more impressive.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Shafer's address is Thomasville, Ga.

The editors of the Prelude wish to state that, by mistake of the publisher, the issue of November twenty-second was printed from the uncorrected proof.

Rev. T. J. Magrath, of Milton, will preach in the Chapel, on Sunday, December thirteenth.

Miss Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92, will not be able to return to College until after Christmas. The Prelude will miss, during this month, an able editor. A long rest and Christmas cheer, it is hoped, will restore health and strength again. Miss Hattie Jones, '91, and Miss Marian C. Lutz, '93, have also left College, on account of ill health, to stay until after the vacation.

Miss Ritchie, instructor in Psychology, has been called home to Nova Scotia by the serious illness of her father.

Miss Calkins, formerly instructor in Greek at Wellesley, spent several days at the College, with Miss Jewett, last week.

Miss Lily Walton, of the class of '93 at Smith, spent from Wednesday to Saturday of last week with her sister, Miss Clara Walton, '92, at Wood Cottage.

Miss Grace Curtis, student at Wellesley, '89-'90, spent Sunday of last week with Miss Spalding, '92, at Wood.

Miss Elvira Boltwood spent last week with her sister, Miss Boltwood, '93, at Norumbega.

Mrs. Sibley is staying with her daughter, Miss Charlotte Sibley, '91. She will be here until the end of the term.

Prof. Lord and her mother are now at Norumbega. They moved into Miss Shafer's apartments several weeks ago, and are to be there during the year.

The Phila May Concert Company, of Boston, will give a concert at the Wellesley Congregational Church, Saturday, December sixth, at 8 P. M., for the benefit of the Church Organ Fund. This Company comes highly recommended, and is well worthy of public patronage. Reserved seats are now on sale at the Wellesley and Wellesley Hills Post Offices.

Fifty-six new members have joined the Wellesley College Christian Association, and there will probably be more enrolled at the December meeting, when another opportunity for joining will be given.

On Tuesday of last week the Student Volunteers met for a brief Thanksgiving service. This took the place of the regular Wednesday afternoon meeting, and was led by one of the class of '94.

The Glee Club is now complete, the following new members having been elected:—First Sopranos, Miss Barker, '91, Miss Foss, '94; Second Sopranos, Miss Cummings, '91, Miss Currier, '92, Miss Dowling '94; second alto, Miss Webster, '91.

In the last issue of the Prelude it was stated by mistake that Miss Mary Barrows was to stay at the College until December second. It was Miss Peck, '90, who was to stay at the College until December second. Her address will be given in the Prelude as soon as possible.

Simpson has a political debating club. It meets twice a week in the evening and discusses the important questions and issues of the day. There is no organization, the meetings being led by the different girls in turn. The tariff bill has been argued over, in a way that would make Mr. McKinley open his eyes, if he could have heard. The debates are always interesting, and not infrequently exciting.

The editors of the Legenda have been elected, and are as follows:—Editor-in-chief, Miss F. May West: Associate Editor, Miss Alice S. Clement; Literary Editors, Miss Maud M. Taylor, Miss Theodora Kyle, Miss Effie Banta, Miss Katharine F. Gleason; Art Editors, Miss Marian W. Perrin, Miss Margarita Spalding; Business Managers, Miss Mary Elizabeth Wardwell, Miss Linda Dana Puffer.

Miss Mariana Blood, '91, has been elected factotum of the Banjo Club.

Prof. Horsford has presented to each member of the Philology class two pamphlets. They are, "Comparative Vocabulary of Algonquin Dialects," from Heckewalder's Manuscripts, and "Vocabularies," by Zeisberger. These pamphlets are printed for the "Alcove of American Native Languages" in the Wellesley College Library.

Mrs. Eveleth has been spending a week with her daughter, Miss Caroline Eveleth, '93, at Norumbega. Miss Eveleth and Miss Carey, her room-mate, gave a spread in Mrs. Eveleth's honor, while she was with them. The instructive game of "Historic Art" was daintily served with goodies of all kinds, and an exciting rivalry in estimation of character was carried on. Each of the guests frankly and freely estimated in percentage the various characteristics of the other guests, and then a grand reckoning was made. The happy girl who had the highest per cent. of all good qualities was told that "Virtue is its own reward," and the unhappy one who had the least per cent. was presented with a pistol, with which to commit suicide at the first opportunity.

Some of the Norumbega girls were somewhat alarmed, on Friday evening, the twenty-first, by receiving the following peremptory note,—

Miss——

Please come to my room directly after dinner.

Mrs. Newman,

Per——.

In fear and trembling, they obeyed the injunction, and found awaiting them a delicious spread, as a celebration of the twenty-first birthday of Miss Alice Newman, '92. It was certainly a unique invitation, and even the guests whose guilty consciences had been bringing up before them all their past misdeeds, enjoyed the fun all the more because it was so unexpected.

On Thanksgiving night, at Miss Coman's invitation, the College Glee Club sang before the Tailoresses' Club, at the Woman's Educational Rooms, in Boston.

The chairman of the Photograph Committee suggests that the class sittings be made as early as possible, to avoid the difficulty of crowding appointments at the end of the year. The office-hours for making these appointments are every Thursday and Friday, at recess, in the Senior Parlor.

At the union meeting of the Senior class, on Sunday evening, the twenty-third, Miss Hodgkins gave a talk on "The Way Out." Last Sunday evening, Mrs. Johnson spoke to them about the Sherburne prison for women, of which she has charge. She first read a paper on "Amusements at the Prison," and showed how she was trying, by gradually spreading good through their recreations, to crowd out evil. She then went on to tell about the grades of the prison, its methods and results. Mrs. Johnson invited the class to come in a body, and see for themselves what she had told them; and they have one and all accepted her kind invitation.

Those who attend the Symphony Concerts, and many others also, will be glad to learn that a new train has been put on between Wellesley and Boston. It runs every day, except Sunday, starting from Wellesley at 6.48 P. M.

The example of the two energetic Seniors who can boast of having walked eighteen miles without stopping, has been followed, in a less degree, by the Sophomores. Three of them started at nine o'clock, one Monday, for Boston; and, after numerous stops and rests and a hearty lunch at Allston, reached Boston at about three o'clock. Two others set out in the opposite direction, and walked, according to themselves, half a mile further; according to their three friends, half a mile less. At any rate, both parties had a walk which they need by no means, be ashamed of; and it would be stretching the truth a little to say that all of them were not well tired by their exercise.

To the great disappointment of the whole College, Prof. Harper was prevented from giving his weekly lecture, on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth. The wrecking of a train on the Boston and Albany road, that day, made it impossible for other trains to run as usual, and Prof. Harper was unable to reach Wellesley. The interest in this course of lectures is best proved by the full attendance every week. There are few who can afford to miss such an opportunity and privilege.

Mrs. Ward, and her little son Charlie, spent last Sunday with her daughter, Miss Kate Ward, '92 at the College. A dozen or so of Miss Ward's friends were invited to meet her mother on Saturday afternoon, and refreshments were served in her room. All had a charming time, and were entertained right royally. Little Charlie was the observed of all observers, of course, for small boys are rare occurrences at Wellesley, and few have sufficient presence of mind to face more than a dozen girls at a time. This small boy, however, maintained his equilibrium, and passed wafers and lemonade with the dignity of a Wellesley domestic girl. The atmosphere, evidently, had its effect upon him.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Fanny B. Bliss, special student at Wellesley from '88-'90, is teaching in Carthage, Mo.

Miss Julia D. Ferris, '89, has been called home from her teaching in Fargo, North Dakota, on account of the illness and death of her mother.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, has been appointed principal of the Hanover Academy, Hanover, Mass.

Miss Susan L. Beers, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, is teaching in the High School, at Babylon, N. Y.

Miss Lulu M. Hutchins, special student at Wellesley, '87-'90, has been appointed assistant in the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

Miss Eudora M Farnham, special student at Wellesley from '83-'85, has entered the Boston School of Medicine.

Miss Henrietta H. Chase, student at Wellesley, '88-'90, has gone to Santa Rosa, Cal., where she expects to teach in a Young Ladies Seminary.

BORN.

At Evanston, Ill., Oct. 13, a daughter, Elizabeth Lane, to Mrs. Jennie Farr Fanning, student at Wellesley, '84-'86.

MARRIED.

Ludlow-Hartwell.—At Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16, Carrie Hartwell, student at Wellesley, '84-'85, to George Ludlow.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

India has eighty colleges.

The National University at Tokio, Japan, enrolls 50,000 students.

The University of Cambridge has conferred a degree upon H. M. Stanley.

There is a movement on foot to establish a chair of the Irish language at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Harvard glee, banjo and mandolin clubs will take a Western trip during the Christmas vacation. Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis will be visited.

English Seniors at Dartmouth are required to make fifteen-minute speeches extempore instead of taking examinations.

More college students come from Connecticut than any other state, in proportion to the population, there being one out of every 549.

The University of Pennsylvania sends out an expedition to cruise the Gulf of Mexico in search of botanical and zoölogical specimens.

The Cornell Central Club is trying to raise $50,000 for an Alumni Hall. If they are successful in raising that amount ex-President White is to add $10,000.

The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to the students too busy to leave their work.

Princeton College has received a gift of over 30,000 pieces of pottery and porcelain, illustrating the history and progress of art from the earliest Egyptian period down to the present time.

Randolph-Macon College in Virginia has been offered thirty acres of land and about $100,000 on condition of the raising of a $100,000 endowment fund for a college for women. The curriculum of the above-mentioned college is famous throughout the South for its mathematics and English.

Slowly sank the golden sun,
Came the stars out, one by one,
Found me on the balcony,
  Telling Nell I loved her.

Slowly drooped her graceful head,
Cruel were the words she said,
Speedily my hopes were fled
  For she did not love me.

Once I thought Nell sweet and shy,
But she's a flirt—and so am I.
She'll be sorry bye and bye,
  But I won't forgive her.

T. K., '91.

OUR EXCHANGES.

I dote on Milton and on Robert Burns;
  I love old Marryat, his tales of pelf;
I live on Byron, but my heart most yearns,
  Toward those sweet things that I have penned myself.—*Oberlin Review.*

To my Sister.

"Oh that I might be with thee"—
  These are the words I wrote,
But the cause of my tender feeling—
  Was a button off my coat!—*The Unit.*

Twilight.

The purple leaves are tossed about,
  Whirled by the softly dying breeze.
  Through moss-grown avenues of trees
Still play the zephyrs in and out.

Far up above, the evening sky,
  Seen through the bare and swaying boughs,
  Assumes a golden hue. The brows
Of yonder hills in splendor lie.

Long golden rays pierce through the leaves
  And turn them to yet richer hues.
  Wide, death-like silence soon ensues,—
The twilight, by which Nature grieves.

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

Vows.

ACT I.

When they parted with sighs of regret,
  They swore to be true to the last.
And that they might never forget
  Those hours that together they'd passed,
They thought of this plan:—to agree
  That as time should go on in its flight,
Wherever each happened to be,
  Both should look at the moon every night.

ACT II. *Scene* 1.

So he, his true heart to aver,
  The agreement observed with delight,
With the thought that it looked upon her,
He would look at the moon every night.

Scene 2.

And she!—she was charmed with the plan.
  Her promise she kept—as was right—
By the side of another young man,
  She would look at the moon every night.

—*Yale Record.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

STUDENT: (speaking of a Professor) "Oh! but she is so on the alert, so nervous about conducting her recitations."

FRIEND: "In what way, for instance?"

STUDENT: "Why if you drop a remark, she makes you stop to pick it up!"

WAS it not Charles Lamb who perpetrated the Latin pun on the tea-chest,—"Tu doces" ("Thou teachest")?

AN Irishman calling on the general post-office in London, asked if there were any letter addressed to him. When they inquired his name, he replied, "Och shure and you'll find it on the back of the letter!"

IT DECORATED THE DOOR.

"My friend, depart!
It grieves my heart
To send you thus away;
But *grind* I must
Or my mind will rust,
So do forgive me, pray."

ADVICE GIVEN FOR A JOURNEY.

"Wear a veil
Not a trail
Nor a brilliant garment.
One more word—
Take no bird,
No such pesky varmint.

Little curs
Are like burrs
Such a dreadful bother,
How they howl
If you scowl!
And fight one another

Mind your P's
Q's and B's,
Look out sharp for cinders.
If you wish to be dead,
Poke your head
Outside of the "winders."

Don't buy Puck,
'Tisn't luck
Take a Life instead
New York Sun,
When that's done,
Meditate ahead.

Take a nap
With dainty cap
Resting on your hair;
But thro' all
Do not fall
From your parlor chair.

Talk with ease
Chances sieze,
Make yourself agreeable.
Cultivate
The colored wait
He, you know, is fee-a-ble.

Telegraph
If you're late
That your friends
Need not wait.
Back a letter
Quickly send
Saying, "All's well
That has a good end."

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